Pristine Memory

Various Experiments in Concrete Poetry and Painting

C. Sheffner

You're apathetic to all this, hm. Not the best choice to make, or make for that matter.

Life can't be all wonder.

But you can still wonder in unexpected places, isolated from me.

But when you do find it, come tell me about it.

But there is still wonder in this world.

Weakness Fear, anxiety

hated Doubt....,

Disappointment

Simple joy

An exit. I meander a maze-Slip.

I can't find any joy or wonder anymore.

Where does the time we spend go? Where should it go? Where does it go there?

MIRROR

It keeps seeming, becoming a terra beyond description.

None.

And as much time as I spend looking in the mirror at myself, I find no answers in it.

No exit, can't find nothing in sight, blur.

Down we go.

Not sure, really.

Sometimes, yeah

Bliss is an oddly fragile thing. It leaves.

I only know so much

Simple navigation.

More stiarways.

IT DOESN'T MAKE MUCH SENSE TO ME TO BE

SUBMERGE, DROWN. ED EEP

A harvest.

The Ph

brighter, the sun

Verge of silence, a bl

The last breath.

moon

My cold heart

+ + + + +

Open, closed+++

Stay iside, close your door

Fragile, isn't it?

Sense of feeling

transl

A wisdom untold. Endless.

A bridge...

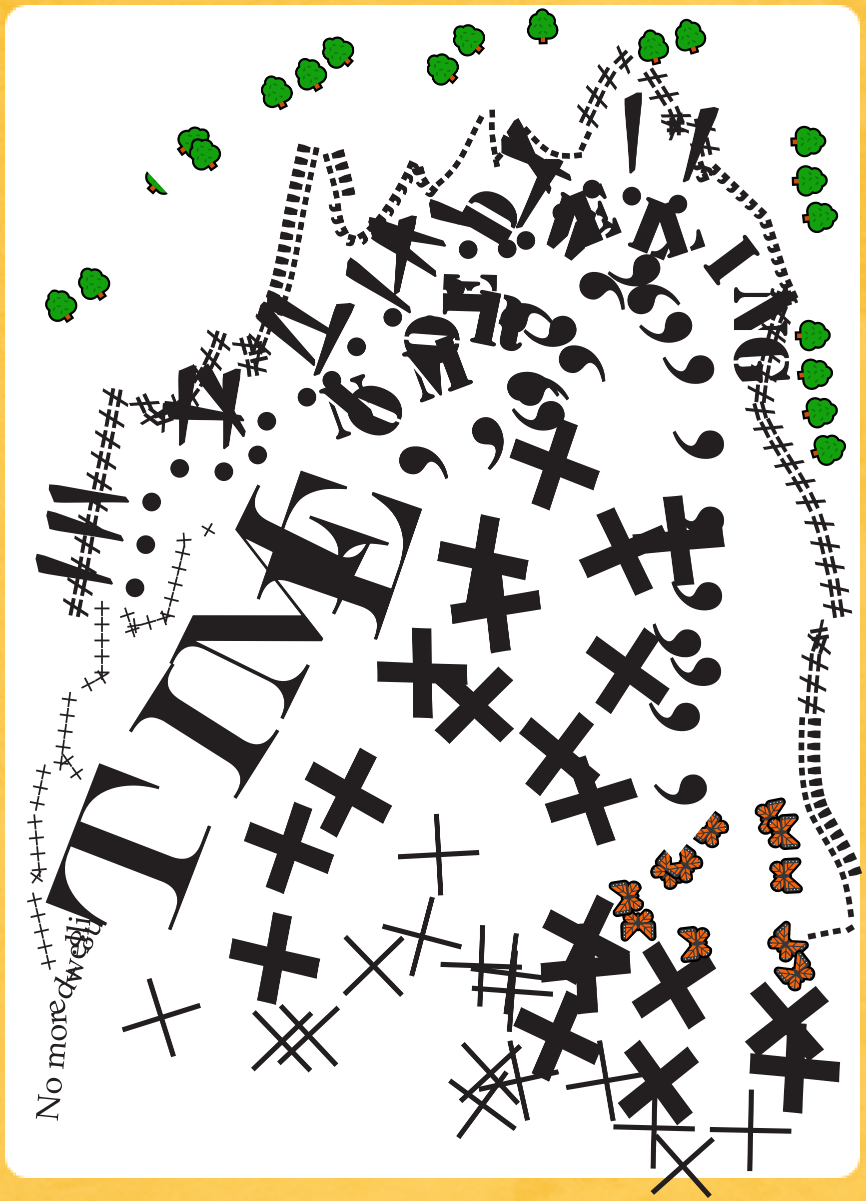
A cold touchstone. Nine lives, none lived. Something particular. Yes.

A migration. Snowfall.

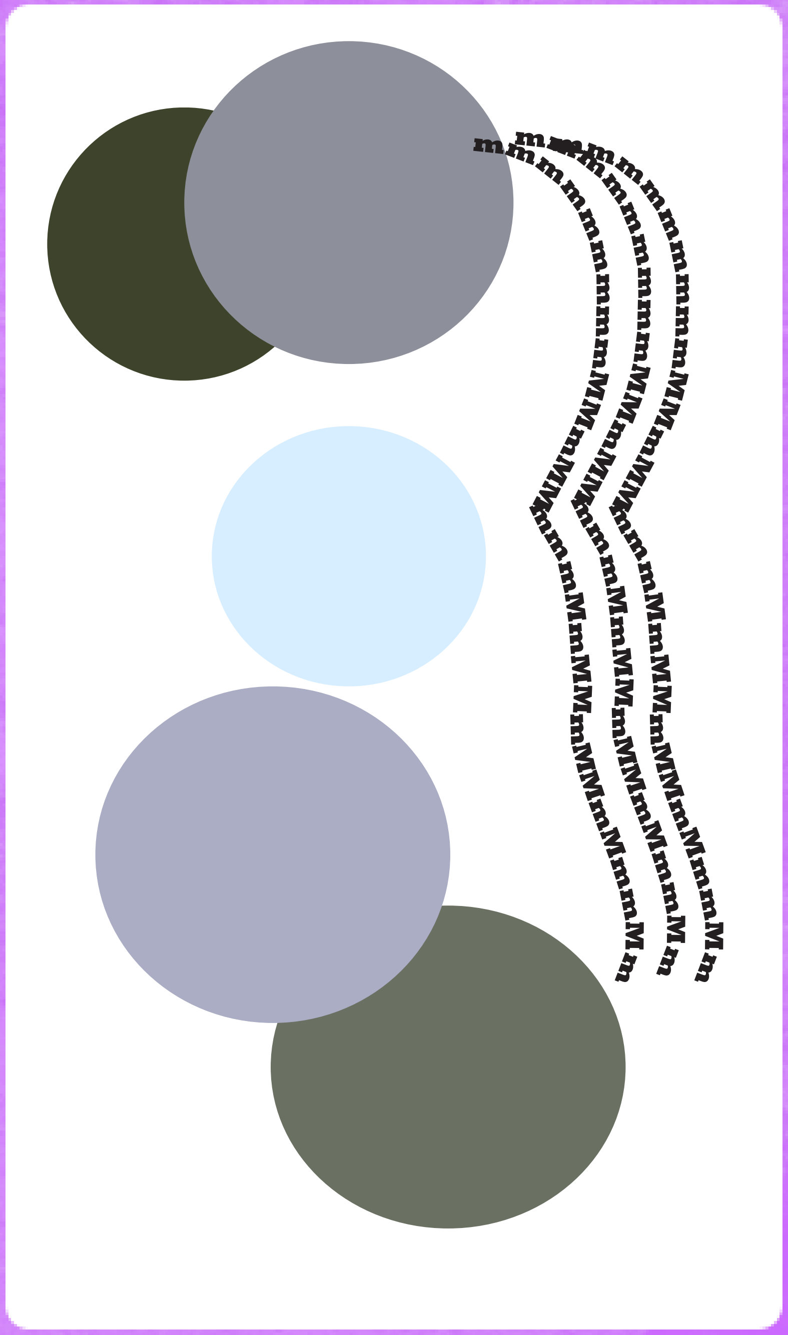
Silver mirror.

KNOW

slowly slurring and
cascading
I find myself
A question posed long ago
never answered
Gone,
gone
left alone
documented just swirling across the tides of time


TIME
No more

MY SILV
THE WO
NO LONGER
IN HARMONY WIT
IS FORGOTTEN.
CHAOS,
BLOOM
engine roar,



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